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A Tragical SONG:  
OR,  
**Mr. Wil. Montfort,**  
The Famous Actor Unfortunately Kill'd.

Ture of *Mary Live Long.*

Good People draw near,  
And hear my sad Ditty  
With Hearts full of Pity,  
This Tragical Year  
Is bloody indeed:

Some they fairly do fight,  
Others stab'd in the Night,  
as they do go home,  
Brave *Montfort* the Player,  
Brave *Montfort* the Player,  
He lately was one.

His Name still will last  
In Court Town or Country,  
By Cits, or the Gentry,  
Till Ages are past  
For Acts on the Stage;  
For in playing a Part,  
He excells the fam'd *Hart*,  
Or *Moon* that's dead too,  
Nay, no one that's living,  
Nay, no one that's living,  
Can *Montfort* out-do.

His Carriage was such,  
In all Conversation,  
To be free from Passion,  
And never thought much  
To oblige any one;  
From a Lord to a Cit,  
He was free with his Wit,  
And Courteous withal:  
But now alas Killing,  
But now alas Killing,  
Is us'd all in all.

Each one does lament  
His death, since life's shortn'd  
By bloody misfortune,  
And cries out a main  
Poor *Montfort* is gone,  
It is all ore the Town,  
Was the like ever known,  
To use a man so,  
when coming to's Lodging,  
when coming to's Lodging,  
He should be run through.

O cruel hard Fate,  
Since *Murder's* in fashion,  
With the English Nation,  
That men cannot scape,  
Being kill'd by the Sword;  
One can hardly pass by,  
But another does cry,  
Lets kill the next man.  
Some never will leave it,  
Some never will leave it,  
Untill they be hang'd.

Here's *Montfort* of late,  
Tho young and beloved,  
How soon Life is moved,  
When malice or hate  
Shall once resolve Death,  
As he went without Light,  
He was run thro that Night,  
And dy'd the next day;  
So he that's *Moon*-blinded,  
So he that's *Moon* blinded  
May soon lose his way.

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